THE CITIZEN.

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BEREA, - - - - - KENTUCKY

TEACHER'S BEAU

By ADA C. SWEET

MISS CARR smiled as she glanced at the blackboard, and her cheek reddened. A rude drawing of a soldier, labeled "Teacher's Beau" adorned the room, evidently the work of one of the boys.

"Robert," she said, quietly, to a lad of 12, who sat giggling behind his slate, "take the floor, please, and, first, clean the blackboard."

The whole school broke into a laugh, but Miss Carr looked over the lessons for the day, and left Robert standing, first on one foot, then on the other, in the middle of the floor. The other children gradually settled down to the morning routine.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and young feet were tingling to be out running over the frosty roads and fields, young hearts were full of anticipations over the morrow. Children were children in 1863, even as they are now.

A petition was already signed by every boy and girl in the school, asking that Friday be made a holiday, so that there might be four whole days of freedom and delight. But Rob, the prime mover in the affair, was in disgrace, and how was he going to act, with the petition in his pocket, too, so no one else could present it?

At last Rob solved the problem.

"Teacher," he said, from his stand near her desk.

"Well, Robert?" answered Miss Carr, inquiringly.

"I have a favor to ask in behalf of the

"YOU MAY GO ON WITH YOUR LESSONS"

school," began Robert, whose father was a minister, and his parentage accounts for his presence of mind as well as for other facts in relation to him. "Here," went on Rob, holding out the petition, and then, looking at Miss Carr's set features, Rob halted.

She took the paper, read it carefully, and laid it on her desk.

"You may take your seat, Robert," she said, and went on with her writing.

The morning wore away, and at noon no one knew whether Miss Carr intended to grant the coveted holiday or not. Just before the afternoon recess, the teacher spoke:

"I do not feel that the school quite deserves an extra day's vacation," she said. Dismay spread over the room. "And as for me, I really dread to-morrow, a long, dreary day to one away from home and friends, and I shall be glad when the schoolbell rings Friday morning. You may go on with your lessons."

It was leaden, the rest of that day, and at four o'clock the children filed out in orderly array, and no one whooped until he or she was several yards from the little, one-story district schoolhouse of Stony Brook.

After church the next morning—the service was held in the schoolhouse—Rob and his chum, Dave, were hurrying home to get into their "other clothes," when they met Hiram Clover, a boy from Beechham, the neighboring town, and the home of Miss Carr and her soldier lover. Hiram was full of the news that Lieut. Bradford had arrived home that very morning, all unexpected by his mother, having been sent from the front on recruiting service for his regiment. A great thought struck Rob.

"Dave," said he, "I am willing to lose my Thanksgiving dinner, if you'll get your father to lend me old Doll."

"I'm in favor," returned Dave, "but I guess you'd better take pa's leave for granted. Go and catch her. She's in the pasture—I'll bring you a bridle, blanket and surcingle from the barn. That's the best I can do."

"I am going for you—and for all the school," said Rob, solemnly, "and I lose my dinner for it! Remember!"

It took an hour to capture the wary Doll, but just as the appetizing odors of one o'clock, Thanksgiving day, began to rejoice the hearts of men, women and children alike, a small, solitary horseman was seen galloping over the hill toward Beechham.

"Mercy on us!" fretted grandma, as soon as the minister's blessing had been said, "where can Robbie be? To think of a boy of that age being late for Thanksgiving dinner!"

But the browned turkey came on, the mashed potatoes, the celery, the cranberry sauce and spiced peaches, and then came the mince and pumpkin pies, the cider and the hickory nuts, but no Rob appeared. The minister's family began to get worried, but Mrs. Framingham said that whatever had happened, one thing was certain, Rob had not missed a good dinner. "He has probably stopped at the Hopes, with Dave," she guessed.

"Of course, he has," assented the minister, "and it's all the worse for the Hopes, and all the better for us, you may be sure!"

But Rob was cantering along the six-mile road to Beechham. Up and down-hill and along the bickering brook he went. The jolly pumpkins smiled at him from the brown cornfields, where they were piled up in orange-colored mounds; the crows cawed at him, the wayside dogs barked, and the wedding geese of the Dutch settlement hissed at him. On, on he went, and never said whoa, until he reined up in front of Squire Bradford's big, square house in the outskirts of Beechham.

"A boy to see me? Hallos, Rob!" and oh! the returned hero had on his fatigue uniform, and he was looking trim and soldierly and handsome, you may believe! His mother clung to his arm, and would not let him leave her sight, even when Rob plead for a moment's interview of a private nature. Out had to come his whole story, and the young soldier laughed as he tossed a letter into the fire and said:

"All right, Rob, I was just going to send a note to Miss Carr, telling her of my arrival, and then I was going over to see her this evening, but now I will wait and surprise her to-morrow morning, at school!"

"Come in and have some dinner," he added, seeing the boy's wistful gaze through the open doorway into the dining-room, where the remnants of the Thanksgiving feast were being cleared from the table.

And so Rob had cold turkey and whatever else was good in the Bradford's house, and soon, refreshed and heartened up by the brilliant success of his enterprise, he started for home, Doll making up in energy and ambition to get back to her pasture, for the lack of such inspiration as oats can give—for no one at the Bradford's had seen Rob's borrowed steed, as she had been tied to the orchard fence, well out of sight.

Rob took his secret to bed with him that night. Dave might be able to guess, but only old Doll could tell where he had been that day, he reflected, and he was glad old Doll couldn't talk.

Morning dawned, crisp and cold. There was a smoky fire in the long, box-like stove in the schoolroom. The children came into the place slowly, and almost moodily. Miss Carr greeted them with a calm face, but her eyes told the story of the homesick day and sleepless night just passed.

At half-past nine the first class in arithmetic was called to recite. There came a knock at the door. Miss Carr went to open it, book in hand. There was a glimpse of something blue, and then, what do you think that teacher did?

She deliberately walked out into the hall, and shut the door behind her.

The children sat in their seats and waited. There was a great buzzing and whispering, and Rob dropped down into the aisle, and rolled around, laughing.

In about ten minutes—the school had become most shockingly disorderly by this time—the door opened, and Miss Carr came in sedately. Her eyes were like stars, her cheeks were like pinks, and she was smiling.

"Children," she said, "you are granted a holiday; school is dismissed."

Then there was hurrying to and fro, and much yelling. The teacher rode in state to her boarding place, her soldier sweetheart leading his horse and walking by her side, and teacher and children afterward agreed that there was never before quite such a Thanksgiving holiday as this belated one in the time of war and alarms.

THE CITY SPORTSMAN.

He purchased a dog and a hunting suit, a brand new gun and a lot of shells;
He wrote for terms to a farmer friend, enlisting a trusty guide.
And the day the hunting season began, he hustled away, a happy man,
Loaded down with sportsman things, none of which he had tried—
And there he found,
Upon the ground
Others, like him, full of hope and pride.

They took the field like an army corps, marching through stubble and brush.
The guide was brave, though he faced their guns, and promised that he would stay;
But each man knew the danger that lies in wait for a man who closes his eyes
When he shoots, so they kept theirs open wide and marched with joy to the fray;
And then at last,
And the morning passed,
A quail rose up and whirred away.

Each gun went up and the guide dropped down; the dogs stoood still in their tracks;
The triggers were pulled and the guns' reports resembled a cannon's roar.
The poor little quail turned a somersault—'twas shot clear through to heaven's blue vault—
And they gathered around to jollify at their glorious gunshot score.
(Though none could tell
Whose shotted shell
Had spilled the little fowl's gore!)

And that was the only bird they saw; but, nevertheless, to-day
They have him stuffed and placed in a case in a club not far away.
And they point with pride to this patent fact—they hunted with so much care
They shot neither guide nor friend nor dog—and that is a record rare!

—Jack Appleton, in Cincinnati Times-Star.

In Need of a Change

Turpin—Come with me to the zoo?

Jenks—No, thank you. I'll stay at home. My oldest daughter does the kangaroo walk, my second daughter talks like a parrot, my son laughs like a hyena, my wife watches me like a hawk, my cook is as cross as a bear, and my mother-in-law says I am a gorilla. When I go anywhere I want a change.—Tit-Bits.

Distance Lends Enchantment.

Mr. Carnegie says that he pities the son of a rich man. One is inclined to feel sometimes, remarks the Washington Times, that Mr. Carnegie exaggerates the joys of poverty.

Good Roads and Civilization

By LIEUT. GEN. NELSON A. MILES,
U. S. A., Retired.

I know of no one element of civilization in our country that has been more neglected than the improvement of our roads; yet this is the element that marks the line between barbarism and civilization in any county. The remains of the ancient highways still found in India and Egypt, as well as in the Roman empire and Peru, indicate the enlightenment that characterized the peoples of those countries centuries ago. In some instances these great avenues were built for war purposes, and yet were of immense industrial and commercial value to the people living in the countries where they were constructed.

Upon the attention paid to these great internal improvements depended to a great extent the strength, progress, and enlightenment of these nations, and their marked superiority over the savage and semi-civilized races, who simply followed game trails and lines of water communication, and whose progress and improvement in thousands of years are scarcely perceptible.

The founders of our government strongly advocated the necessity of opening up and improving the means of internal communication. The immortal Washington retired from the pomp and circumstance of glorious war to occupy the honorable position of a sovereign citizen, and while conducting the affairs of his plantation was president of a transportation company. The author of the Declaration of Independence, the founder of one of our great universities, and the eminent statesman who gave to us this vast empire west of the Mississippi, was right when he said, in a letter addressed to Humboldt: "It is more remunerative, splendid, and noble for the people to spend money on canals and roads that will build and promote social intercourse and commercial facilities than to expend it on armies and navies." He was right again when he said, in a letter to James Ross: "I experienced great satisfaction in seeing my country proceed to facilitate intercommunications of several parts by opening rivers, canals, and roads. How much more rational is this disposition of public money than that of waging war!"

During the past hundred years the people of this country have devoted more capital, industry, and enterprise to the construction of great commercial railways than have the people of any other country.

Our government has expended more than $440,000,000 for the improvement of our harbors and waterways. If such expenditures of the national treasure have been made in the past for the development of railroads and waterways, is it not now most appropriate that the improvement of our roads should receive national attention and government aid?

I have journeyed over the great Chinese empire, embracing the largest population of any country on the globe, yet it is in some respects the weakest, as it has neglected one of the most important elements of national strength. The people of one section of that great country are totally uninformed and indifferent as to what is occurring in another part of their own land. Without means of communication and intercourse there can be but little public spirit and patriotism; as a result of this the flags of all great military and naval powers are now flying in the most important districts of that ancient empire.

In our own country we find the conditions quite the reverse. Here the people rule; the welfare of the republic depends upon the patriotism and intelligence of the masses. In order that there may be the noblest and purest patriotism there must be universal intelligence. Any measure, therefore, that brings to the homes of the American people the daily news of the world, that gives the sovereign citizen the truth concerning the affairs of his own country, that affords him a knowledge of the conditions and necessities of his own people, enables him to discharge his duties of citizenship, benefits the entire country, and gives strength and character to the nation.

The wealth of the nation comes primarily from the ground. The factory and foundry utilize the products of the soil and mine. As agriculture is our principal industry, so the great mass of our rural people are our main dependence; their patriotism, their public spirit, their welfare must ever be the salvation and glory of our republic. Therefore every measure, whether by the national government, the state, county, or municipal authorities, that can promote the welfare of the people should be most earnestly advocated.

Any road that can be made useful for industrial and peaceful pursuits can be utilized for military purposes. This is not an empire or a military despotism and therefore it is not necessary to construct roads for purely military purposes.

Our greatest strength and strongest safeguards are in the character of our institutions and the sovereignty of our people, and every measure that benefits them and preserves the character and integrity of our institutions promotes, perpetuates, and magnifies the prosperity and glory of our common country.

The Scholar and the Plain People

By PROF. WILLIAM D. MAC CLINTOCK,
Of Chicago University.

THAT the scholar should become the exponent and defender of the plain people against all forms of exploitation, executive procress, unwarranted authority, with riches and ease for the few, with degrading service for the laboring multitude, is surely not an irrelevant or overambitious cause for those who know the joy and profit of an ideally working commonwealth.

College tends to cultivate the independent judgment, the feeling that things will wait and there is no haste or will return and we need not worry. For this state of mind Jesus' words come like a call: "Straightway he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come."

Of the two diseases of the college mind, in the first culture is forced, the mind reaches forth beyond its natural stage of growth, the boy will be a man. Conceit, self-consciousness, the imitation of men's vices, take possession of minds which should be merely learning and playing. This idle curiosity often leads to dire results. This actual physical play, with mind skirting the edges of vice, with dainty dabbling, hoping to escape notice, is little worse than the imaginative bohemianism which is one graceless product of the study of fine arts. Thus, I say, that one class of college students taste or try to taste the experiences of life before they mature.

The other disease is that of the unready, unreaping mind, trained to a Hamletlike indecision that cannot precipitate itself with any exact knowledge or warm conviction. The colleges tend to cultivate indecisive judgment, the feeling that things will wait and that there is no hurry. The characteristics of a mind matured by education are attainment of strong personal conviction and determination, development of faith in human progress, simplicity of mind and freedom from provincialism.

WHEN SHALL WE WIN?

When shall we win? Why, when we fire
Straight to the mark, and never tire;
When we hold fast, as we've begun,
And still work on, till all is done.

When shall we win? When, filled with zeal,
We face the foe of common weal,
And flinging to the wind each fear,
God's trumpet call alone we hear!

When shall we win? When we're content
To die, nor to retreat consent;
Resolved to shun the recreant's shame;
And rather choose a martyr's name.

When shall we win? 'Tis best to say—
"What can we do from day to day?"
With truth, and faith in truth, we dare
Not faint, or falter, or despair.

The cause of Right is charged to win—
Omnipotence is not with sin—
Since God is King, His cause will see
The light and crown of victory.

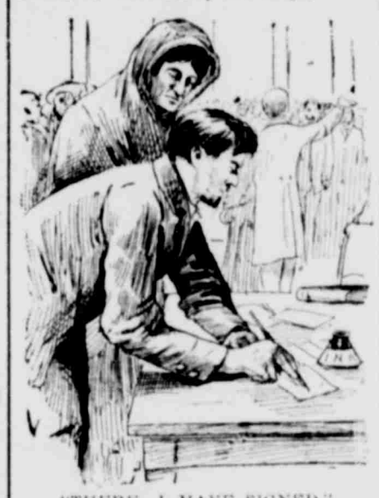
Be this our cause: that we endure:
'Tis this will keep our conscience pure,
And when the righteous cause has won,
We, too, shall hear the words, "Well done"
—Rev. Dawson Burns, D. D., in National Advocate.

A THRILLING SCENE.

One of the Many Incidents of the Pledge Signing Crusade Being Waged.

Among the many hopeful signs indicating temperance progress none are more encouraging than the interest everywhere taken in the twentieth century pledge-signing crusade inaugurated by the National Temperance society November 23, 1902. Since that time nearly 3,000,000 pledges have been sent out free by the society in response to applications, and these applications have come from churches and Sabbath schools of all denominations and from all temperance organizations. Now the Epworth league plans a similar pledge-signing crusade.

Many of the reports that are being received by the society are deeply inter-



"THERE, I HAVE SIGNED"

esting. Some of them describe thrilling scenes as witnessed at public meetings. Take the following instance:

It was a mixed audience that gathered in the hall; among them was one poor woman who had stolen away from her poverty-stricken ruined home, where she had left her babes, who, weak with hunger, had wept themselves to sleep. With borrowed cloak to hide her destitution this sorrowing woman had found a place among the crowd who had gathered to hear from a stranger how the victims of rum could be saved and their darkened homes made bright.

With intense interest she listened to the speaker, who, in the tale he recited, was describing her own case. He tells of hope; but no—that never can be here. If he, her husband, was here, perhaps—and then a deep, deep sigh bursts from her lips; but she listens still, and more intently, to the speaker's moving words, until her heart is full, and looks around to see what effect the words of the speaker has upon her neighbors.

What ails the woman? Whom has she seen among the crowd? Her cheeks are flushed with burning crimson and her eyes are bright with living fire. It is—it must be he! She cannot be mistaken in him. Yes, 'tis her husband. Far back amongst the crowd he stands with folded arms, his gaze intent upon the speaker's face; deep earnestness is stamped on every feature as he gazes on.

See, he dashes a tear-drop from his eye. What has moved? The simple story of a woman's faith—a wounding patience. The wife watches him. She sees him dash away the tear-drop. A gathering mist is in her own eyes, but she forgets it all; forgets all but her other self. Now the speaker closes and there is a stirring among the crowd. Stepping down from the platform the speaker takes his place by the table on which is an open book, and in kindly, persuasive tones invites the audience to sign the pledge.

Make way! The figure of a man advances down the aisle. Steadily he presses his way to the table. Behind that figure is a female form—a shadow, a pale, faded thing, so feeble that she cannot stand, but leans upon his shoulder with one hand clasping his arm.

"There, I have signed!" exclaims the man, "and now, my wife, come home and let us pray to-night." Stop one moment. What a hand is hers? So thin, so trembling; yet she grasps as if it were a rod of iron to inscribe deep words of mercy on the rock forever.

They pass out together—that penniless and friendless pair, strong in each other's truth, rich in each other's love.

Weeks glide away—months—and to-day they are now so happy; blest with a beautiful home and rosy children.

Such are the scenes which cheer on every hand the laborers in this pledge-signing crusade.—National Advocate.

EYE STRAIN AND DRINKING.

The Intimate Relation Between the Two—Excessive Drinking Injures the Eyesight.

Dr. Gould, of Philadelphia, whose excellent papers on eye strain in literature and among literary men has opened a new field for the study of causes and conditions which influence civilization, has mentioned a most practical fact which can be confirmed in every study of inebriety. He says, in his Cleveland lecture, "that the enormous waste for alcoholic drinks during the past year can be traced in at least one-tenth of the actual loss to the evil effects of eye strain on the nervous system and digestive organs. The sleeplessness and the irritation with disturbed digestion, described by the term nervousness, headache, biliousness, is traceable to eye strains." One can readily see how these conditions would call for the narcotism of alcohol. Recently a number of studies have been made of the eyes of inebriates, and the injury found is very extensive and widespread. Whatever the condition of the eye may have been before alcohol was used, the eye more than all the other senses suffers from the continuous or periodic use of spirits. Dr. Gould's most suggestive statement is a fact which every student of inebriety can understand and confirm in many ways.

Even the severe arraignment of alcoholic teaching in public schools is replete with facts showing the value of the work and the accuracy of the books which are condemed. Altogether this report is a most powerful argument sustaining the experience of railroad companies, corporations, and all employers of labor. The critics who declare that alcohol has a food and stimulant value are theorists. If their contention is true, why should corporations regard the moderate use of alcohol with fear and alarm among their employes? Why should railroads discharge moderate drinkers and insist on total abstinence in all persons in their employ? In reality all directors and managers of railroads and corporations are becoming more and more insistent that their employes should be temperate. The mercantile agencies rate very low, as to responsibility, all persons who drink to excess or even to moderation.

Hhis is the teaching of experience, and is growing very rapidly in all business circles. Recent scientific experiments show that the moderate as well as the immoderate use dulls the senses and diminishes the capacity to reason clearly, and altogether enfeebles the brain in its activities. This explains why persons using spirits have less capacity and control of themselves and are weaker than total abstainers. The theory that alcohol has value as a food or stimulant dies hard. But every year experience hastens its certain death.—Journal of Inebriety.

CAUSES CANCER.

Research Proves That Alcohol Is a Potent Factor in This Dread Disease.

The statement of Dr. Wolfe on the increase of cancer, in the Nineteenth Century, showing a very close connection between inebriety and this disease, has attracted a great deal of attention and received striking confirmation from many sources. Dr. Wolfe was led to this belief by noticing a very high rate of mortality from cancer in districts where spirits was largely used. Wherever the amount of spirits consumed was increased the prevalence of cancer was most noted. Other observers have observed this connection, but have not been able to find other reasonable causes. One fact is very well understood, that the high consumption of spirits lowers the vitality and encourages toxaemic conditions which are favorable to the growth of cancer or other obscure germ disease. One author has traced the prevalence of cancer in persons with an inebriate ancestry. In a case under my care of four children born of inebriate parents two died from cancer, one was an epileptic, and the third, after a short period of drinking, died from pneumonia. It is very evident that further researches and studies in this direction will show some relations as to cause and effect that are not now suspected.

NEWS AND COMMENT.

The vote of the American citizen is one of the greatest moral levers, or one of the greatest crime forces in our civilization.—National Advocate.

We license men to sell drink. The drink sold makes men drunk. The drunkard commits murder. The murderer is hanged. Who is responsible?—National Advocate.

Last month Stoddard county, Mo., voted 2,176 for no license, 1,094 for license. The people were jubilant on learning the result. Over 300 children marched through the streets with banners and singing temperance songs.

Alderman White, of Birmingham, speaking at Cardiff, said: "I could give you 100 cases, and 100 after that, and 100 after that, of men who have come under my notice who have become trophies of Divine grace through the simple act of signing the pledge and keeping it."

A Filthy Record.

A man died in the city hospital of St. Louis the other week who had made a unique record for himself in the matter of whisky drinking and chewing tobacco. According to his own ante-mortem statement, in 13 years he took 4,725 drinks and chewed 12,045 plugs of tobacco. A pastor writes: "Here is a study of misplaced energy. To deliberately set out as a life task to chew that much tobacco and expectorate enough to float a battleship, and then to soak in addition so much whisky—could any punishment be more terrible—any record more foully useless?"